

The Jolly Roving Tar

Well, ships may come and ships may go
as long as the sea does roll
each sailor lad , just like his Dad
he loves the flowing bowl.
A trip ashore he does adore
with a girl that`s buff and round
But when his money is gone
it`s the same old song:
get up Jack, John sit down.

Chorus:
Come along, come along
You jolly brave boys
there`s lots of grog in the jar.
We`ll flow the briny ocean
with a jolly roving tar

When Jack`s paid off in Liverpool
he`ll blow his money free.
He`ll eat and drink, and down he`ll sink
and forget the rolling sea.
He`ll go to see old „Sweet Marie`s“
Then off to „Sally Brown`s“,
but when his money is gone
it`s the same old song:
get up Jack, John sit down.

Chorus

When Jack`s ashore it`s then he`ll steer
to some old boarding house.
He`s welcomed in, with rum and gin
and fed on Port South
He`ll lend,he`ll spend,he`ll not defend
`till he lies drunk on the ground,
but when his money is gone
it`s the same old song:
get up Jack, John sit down.

Chorus

When Jack is old and weatherbeat
to old to roam about,
in some grog shop
they`ll let him stop
`till eight bells call him out.
He rolls his eyes up to the skies
cryin`“ Boys we`re homeward bound!“
But when his money is gone
it`s the same old song:
get up Jack, John sit down.

Chorus

Traditional